



NEARLY REPUBLICAN—1911
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1914

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1914.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



He fell in love right at first sight.
She married the poor cook;
And now he's wondering why he did
Not take a second look. —Lake.

Imports for May showed a good increase, but there was a falling off in exports, according to figures just issued by the Government.

JUNE SALE AT THE ART SHOP.

All this week. Salesmen's samples, stamped linens, towels, scarfs, etc. All reduced.

SUNDAY MORNING BLAZE.

A small blaze in the dry cleaning shop of Tom Griffin on Forest avenue destroyed a few dollars worth of property Sunday morning at 9:30. The Kinney Mae responded to the call but it was not even necessary to use the chemical apparatus. The fire was caused by a defective flue.



LET UNCLE SAM GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady output of coal during the last few years has made the dealers push for wider markets. We are going to get more trade—your trade—by giving you a greater value for your money. You will never get out of debt unless you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.

PHONE 142.

Miss Mae Powers of Augusta is the guest of the Misses Downey on East Fourth street.



PARENTS!

Why Wouldn't a Nice Runabout or Buggy Make a Good Graduating Present For Your Boy?

When you come in for the Commencement at the High School Tuesday drop in and let us show you our line. We have largest and most varied lot of Buggies, Runabouts and Driving Wagons ever brought to this town, or any other town of its size, and can please your pocket book as well.

MIKE BROWN,

THE SQUARE DEAL MAN.

Miss Audra Miller of Mayslick is spending a few days with Miss Clarine Gelles of West Second street.

POLICE COURT.

Saturday in Police Court the three following cases were disposed of by His Honor, Police Judge John L. Whitaker:

George Thomas, breach of peace, \$15.50.
Pamie Washington, using language calculated to provoke assault, \$10.50.
Hattie Hinton, same offense, \$6.50.
Several, arrested Saturday and yesterday for drunkenness, will be up in the court today.

REV. M. S. CLARK

Delivered Strong Sermon at Union Service Last Night—Large Crowd In Attendance.

The second Sunday union service of the season was held last evening at the First Presbyterian Church. A large crowd was present, the church being nearly filled. Rev. M. S. Clark, pastor of the Second street M. E. Church South, delivered the sermon.

He took as his text the first ten verses of the 19th chapter of Luke, and around the story of the conversion of Zacharias wove a strong moral, an interesting story sermon that was full of living interest and force. Everyone present felt the uplift and inspiring strength of the address.

It is urged that everyone attend these Sunday night services. The pastors of Maysville who are of the best in the country, are giving their efforts toward making these services good. It is up to the people to be present.

ECONOMY FRUIT JARS

Fruit preserved in them is just as good after 5 years as the day it was made. We can show you. Don't risk your fruit in cheap jars.

Phone 43.

GRISEL & CONRAD

AUCTION SALE!

Store Building and Wareroom in Toleboro, Ky. We will, Saturday, June 20th, 1914, at 2 p. m., on the premises, sell to the highest and best bidder, one large store building and wareroom, on lot 50x70, at the corner of the Toleboro and Concord pike in the town of Toleboro, Lewis county, Ky. This is, without a doubt, the best piece of property in Toleboro for any business desired, or can be changed to a residence. The location will get business in any line, mostly suited for a general store. Terms of sale—Cash, balance to suit purchaser. Deferred payments to bear 6 per cent. interest from day of sale, and a lien will be retained upon the property to secure such deferred payments.

The Mason Lumber Co., Inc.
Cor. Second and Limestone Sts. Phone 519. MAYSVILLE, KY.
A. A. McLAUGHLIN, L. N. REHAN,
JACK HENDRICKSON, Auctioneers, Toleboro, Ky.

Summer Prices on

Columbia BICYCLES Pope Makes

Motorbike Clincher Tires, \$46 grade, \$40. Pope Bicycle, \$40 grade, \$20. Pope Corsair, \$26 grade, \$20. Goodyear auto skid tire, the best we ever sold for \$3. Bargains in Clincher tire casings \$1 each.

J. T. KACKLEY & CO.

MAYSVILLE ALWAYS DOES HER PART.

Mrs. Helen Bruce, representing the Louisville ladies interested in giving the Moonlight School Teachers a trip to Niagara Falls, wrote to one of our Maysville ladies asking that fifty dollars be raised here. An appeal was made to a few generous "givers", every one of whom responded.

In acknowledging receipt of the money Mrs. Bruce wrote: "Maysville has done a generous part by the Moonlight School Teachers."

Today is the longest day in 1914.

WILLIAM COOK.

The remains of William Cook of Cincinnati will arrive here this afternoon and be taken tomorrow to Wedonia for burial in the cemetery there. Mr. Cook was born near Wedonia and is a former resident of this county, in which he is well known. Mrs. Kate Cook of this city is a brother-in-law of the deceased. Mr. Cook also leaves a niece, Miss Amy Cook of Wedonia and a brother, Dr. Cook, of Georgetown, Ky.

WALL PAPER!

Now is the time to do your wall papering and painting. Come in. We can show you just what you need. We have a full line of Wall Papers, Paints, Enamels, Etc. See our line before buying.

CRANE & SHAFER,

PHONE 452. COX BUILDING.

Wall paper, rugs and paint at HEN DRICKSON'S.

MORE COUNTIES TO DECIDE ON LIQUOR ON SEPTEMBER 28

Mason, Shelby and Anderson Join With Others Already Announced, and W. C. T. U. Plans to Secure Billy Sunday's Services in Making a Whirlwind Speaking Campaign

(Sunday's Lexington Leader.)

Three more counties—Mason, Shelby and Anderson—have signed their intention to join with Fayette, Scott, Bourbon, Clark and Montgomery in the movement to hold a local option election on September 28, and have made application to the State W. C. T. U. organization for its support and co-operation to this end.

It was reported last night that Franklin County is also desirous to come into the fold and vote on the liquor question at the same time, but the State officials of the W. C. T. U. who could be communicated with last night stated that so far as they knew no application to that effect had been received from the temperance people of Franklin.

Shelby and Anderson, however, have been granted permission to join with the other counties in holding an election on that date, and the county W. C. T. U. organization of Mason, learning that all of the five counties in the Seventh district had decided to hold an election on September 28, took the initiative, decided to order a local option election in Mason on the same date and so notified the State W. C. T. U. officials here of their decision.

This was confirmed last night by Mrs. Julia B. Gunn, State secretary, in an interview with The Leader representative.

Just when the campaign of agitation and education in these counties preliminary to the local option election is to begin has not been determined.

Want Billy Sunday to Help.

It was stated, however, that the State W. C. T. U. committee is making plans to secure the services of Billy Sunday for the speaking campaign, which the committee hopes to make a most aggressive one. Mr. Sunday, it is expected, will be in Louisville about that time, and the plan contemplated is to have him make a whirlwind trip through the four of counties which will vote on local option, and deliver at the county seat in each county his now famous lecture "Booze."

Three reels Vitagraph feature, Special at Gem today.

UNSETTLED WEATHER THIS WEEK PROBABLE.

Washington, June 21.—Unsettled, showery weather will prevail Monday in the northeast of the Rockies, the weather bureau predicted tonight, probably continued Tuesday in the Atlantic states and New England, with fair weather following.

BEECHWOOD PARK SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Messrs. Simons & Arn, managers of Beechwood Park, are entitled to much praise for the sacred concerts given yesterday afternoon and evening by Prof. Ballet's orchestra, assisted by Miss Adler, soloist and cellist. Large crowds attended and the open air music was greatly appreciated.

OUR LINE OF HOME GROWN VEGETABLES

is fresh every day.
Call and see our line or phone us. We carry a good selection of the best.

DINGER BROS., Leading Retailers 107 W. Second St.

See our window of 49c pictures.
J. T. KACKLEY & CO.

WEAVER—WALLINGFORD.

Miss Maggie Wallingford, of Penn-leaf, this county, and Mr. John Stanley Weaver of Hanley, W. Va., obtained license this morning to be married June 24, at 10 a. m. at the home of the bride by Rev. I. R. Hollon.

Mr. D. M. Currey purchased the Mathews lot adjoining his residence on East Second street. Consideration \$1,200.

The Emmitt property on the German-town pike in the West End was offered for sale last Saturday. The highest bid was \$2350, which was rejected. The property is for sale privately.

PREVENT EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION!

It is a disease caused by over stimulation of the sweat glands. This condition can be remedied by the use of

DE-O-DORA

It deodorizes perspiration, is daintily perfumed and pleasant to use. Price 25c a box.

M. F. WILLIAMS & CO. THE THIRD STREET DRUGSTORE.

D. HECHINGER & CO.

Maysville's Best Clothing and Shoe Store.

Notwithstanding the unusual midsummer trade we have been favored with during the months of May and June our stock of seasonable clothing is yet in blue shape. Blue serge suits are as popular as ever. A splendid line at \$12.50 to \$20.00. Our skeleton imported blue serge suit of which we have sold quite a number to our best dressers is the most useful suit for semi-dress, outing and out of door entertainments ever shown in Maysville—a bit too cool at this writing to say much about our Palm Beach, white linen and serge suits—with the change to high temperature we will show new lines of them.

If in the market for a trunk, bag or suit case "SEE US" we will save you money.

D. HECHINGER & CO.

Miss Eliza Marshall of Fleming County, who was an unfortunate sufferer in a recent horse runaway, is very much improved. Miss Marshall sustained an injury to her left knee, but it is expected that she will soon have the use of her injured member.

NEW POSTMASTER INSTALLED AT WASHINGTON, KY.

Miss Hattie Taylor of Washington, Ky., this county, was installed as postmaster at that town Saturday, following a recent appointment after the resignation of Miss Kate Larkin, the former head of the office. Miss Taylor is well known and the public is more than insured the best of service. Miss Larkin during her time as postmaster rendered efficient and satisfactory service to all.

Cool, Clean, Fresh-Looking

RAG RUGS

In a Dozen Different Weaves

Plain centers and fancy borders with either floral designs, tapestry effects or scenes; plain centers and striped ends; some in old-fashioned "candy stripe" patterns, like grandmother used to make. Prices vary according to weave, and are much less than wool rugs the same size would be. There are also various kinds of porch and bungalow rugs of grass and fiber, and prices are very moderate. Come in and let us show them to you.

New Crepe Ties

for 50c are made of the softest crepe-de-chine in solid and figured colors. They are a dainty finish for the summer blouse.

Tango ties for 50c are made of velvet ribbon joined by hand—some ornaments and finished with pendants to match.

1882

HUNT'S

1914

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

In Squire Bauer's Court Saturday William Auxier was fined for allowing stock to run at large on the public highway.

Prof. J. H. Haywood and wife of London, Ky., will spend their summer vacation with Mrs. Haywood's parents, mercury reaching 99 in the shade. Last Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crawford on East Second street. The Professor is principal of the London High School.

YESTERDAY A D—HOT DAY.

Yesterday was a warm number, the mercury reaching 99 in the shade. Last night was very warm, also, many persons saying it was the warmest night of the season.

ATTENTION SIR KNIGHTS!

Stated meeting tonight at 7:30 o'clock of Maysville Commandery No. 10 Knights of Templar. Refreshments served. E. L. MANCHESTER, E. C.

The Big Rebuilding Sale Is Now on in Full Force!

Never were desirable goods offered so cheap so early in the season.

We must vacate our Shoe Room on July 1st. We had to vacate our Big Wareroom. All we ask you now is to help us REMOVE SOME GOODS.

We need the room.

TAKE OUR GOODS AND PROFITS TOO

MERZ BROS.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.
A. F. CURRAN, Editor and Publisher.
Local and Long Distance Telephone No. 40. OFFICE—PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, MAYSVILLE, KY.
Entered at the Maysville, Ky., Postoffice as second-class mail matter.
SUBSCRIPTIONS—BY MAIL.
One Year \$3.00
Six Months \$1.50
Three Months .75
DELIVERED BY CARRIER.
Per Month .25
Payable to Collector at end of Month.
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS CASH IN ADVANCE.

Anyhow those "mediators" had a good time while they were mediating.

"Hail to the victors," says the New York Times after the polo game. Y-e-s, and h-l to the vanquished.—Courier-Journal.

Sir Thomas Lipton is not only a speeder, he's a spender. He also believes in getting a million dollar's worth of free advertising.

Strange that the doughty Teddy Roosevelt should surrender to such a little thing as his larynx. His appendix is also laying for him.

Does Marse Henri also stand for the presidential school-master's psychological stuff? Will the Big Ike of all journalists please answer?

The Republican party is perfectly willing to have Colonel Roosevelt act as a sort of spokesman of the party provided he does not want to do anything else.

A year ago the one man immune from criticism was the President. Today the air at Washington is thick with blame on Wilson for impending Democratic defeat.

With Governor McCreary and Congressman Stanley both holding onto a big fat office is all the more reason why the Democratic party should elect Hon. J. C. W. Beckham Senator. Mr. Beckham deserves it.

According to the Washington Star—which has been canvassing political sentiment in Congress—the question of the day is: "What's the matter with the Administration?" There is a consensus of opinion that the National Administration has lost its popularity, but reasons diverse are given therefor.

Importers of Christmas goods are now offering the wholesale trade most attractive lines at prices below those possible for American manufacturers. We are likely to find on the counters when we come to do our Christmas shopping a surprising lot of things "Made in Germany." In fact, we are now preparing a very Merry Christmas for the Germans. The Underwood tariff bill is a fine thing for somebody, but not for us. And you will find no reduction in the price of your holiday purchases. The reduction will not reach the consumer; it is absorbed before it reaches him.

"Wipe Out Illiteracy and Build Good Roads," is a good enough slogan for Kentucky.

There were many dead notes found in the late defunct Alexander Bank at Paris, but George was a live one.

Government ownership of railroads in France is rapidly approaching the point where there will be nothing left but the debt.—Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

WAR BREWING.

A riot will be expected any day from the truck gardening district in the East Bottoms. It is reported that the army worms are about to attack the navy beans.—Kansas City Star.

OUT OUT THE B. M. GUFF, BILL.

"Uncle Bill" Schooler, formerly of Lexington, now editor of the Fremont (Ohio) Daily Messenger, is the B. Moose candidate for Congress in his district, and everybody down this way knows him. He will be elected. Bill has edited papers all over Eastern Kentucky, was a star performer in the internal revenue service in this district, and is regarded as one of the brightest and most accomplished fellows on earth. He is a little cross-eyed politically now, but there is nothing else the matter with him.—Lexington Leader.

Those Maysvillians who know Bill Schooler, believe that he is sane enough to realize that the G. O. P. will sweep the country in 1916.

BOSS OR MANAGER.

John D. Rockefeller is reported as saying to one of his assistants as follows:

"My experience has shown me that it is just as easy to turn a good man into a poor one as it is to turn a poor man into a good man. Many of the most valued assistants I have around me seemed to be unpromising material at first; and let me say, Mr. —, that includes yourself. Don't seel and don't worry. Take time to talk to those young fellows when you're alone. Talk to them about business, just as you would talk to me or to a friend. Thirty minutes of that talk'll put two years of stendiness into them. They'll have something to think about. You'll be making men, instead of employees. Rouse their interest, and the energies that interest never fail to produce. The future not the past, is always the banner to float your delinquents."



EXPERIENCE.

"Experience would be a wonderful asset but for one thing."
"What's that?"
"You can never sell it for what it cost you." — Cleveland Leader.

KNOX KNOWS FUNDAMENTALS OF BUSINESS

"Lecturer With a Punch" Is to Speak Here During Chautauqua.

"COMMUNITY BUILDING"

Is Special Feature to Be Discussed When He Appears Locally.

"The Verbal Volcano," "The Lecturer With a Punch," "The Greatest Epigrammatic Lecturer in America."

These and various other characterizations have been applied to J. S. Knox, one of half a dozen great business lecturers in the entire country. He is head of the Knox School of Salesmanship and Business Efficiency and has the reputation of saying more in the same length of time than any other man in America. He is to appear here on the last day of the Redpath Chautauqua, talking on "Community Building."

Mr. Knox has not confined all his time to the lecture platform and schoolroom. He is author of several textbooks on salesmanship and personal and business efficiency. His works are popular not only in the United States, but in Canada, Japan and other countries. He is an expert in his line. The success of this lecturer is due largely to his knowledge of business conditions and business needs, and as a practical and inspirational lecturer he has few equals. His rapid fire epigrams never fail to entertain an audience profitably, and commercial clubs and other such organizations over the country are warm in their praise of his



J. S. KNOX.

work. Nothing pleases Mr. Knox better than to appear before a group of business men, and one of his chief aims is to present his ideas on "Community Building" in such a way that all classes will be benefited.

Two lecture tours on the Pacific coast, the second including 100 addresses, were made by Mr. Knox in 1913. He appeared in leading cities of the west and gave from two to four addresses a day for business and educational institutions. His epigrams are exceedingly striking and are quoted all over the country. He is a recognized authority on salesmanship, efficiency and leadership, and his own strong personality emphasizes his appeal for human nature in business.

Educational and Recreational. Huntington (W. Va.) Herald-Dispatch: "On with the Chautauqua! It is educational as well as recreational. It brings great things home to us to see which, otherwise, would require hundreds of miles of railway travel and entail an expense account that very few could afford."

Appeals to All Classes. Columbus (O.) Dispatch: "One of the striking features of the Chautauqua movement is the appeal to all classes of people. . . . These Chautauqua assemblies are among the mightiest forces of popular information and diversion."

Chautauqua Always Welcome. Findlay (O.) Republican: "No criticism has been heard as to the merit of the attractions seen and heard in this city. The program was arranged to suit every taste. . . . The Redpath Chautauqua will be welcomed to Findlay in future years."

Chautauqua Popular. Dyersburg (Tenn.) State Gazette: "We will all be sorry when it becomes necessary for them to fold their tents; but, unlike the Arabs, it will not be necessary for them to steal away."

Remarkable Success. Gary (Ind.) Post: "It is doubtful if any Chautauqua in any city ever had such overwhelming success during its first year as the Redpath Chautauqua had here last season."

After a man has beaten the other fellow to a thing he likes to brag that the fight will always triumph.

A pretty girl who is wearing wings on her hat may not be an angel, but she can always make a man believe that she is.

I may be a fat head in many ways, but when a friend calls on me I do not unblithely a photograph and compel him to sit through a rusty Caruso record and expect him to smile when I know he is cussing me under his breath.

Having Decided to Retire From Business, I Offer My Stock at

Reduced Prices

BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKIES.
Old Taylor, full quart. \$.95
Belle of Nelson, full quart.85
Lancaster, full quart.85
Mellwood, full quart.85
Old Sam White, full quart.70
Old 56, full quart, 8 years old.87
Sam Clay, full quart.83
Old Time, full quart.84
Queen of Nelson, full quart.87
Van Hook, full quart.94

NOT BONDED.
Duffy's Malt Whisky, per bottle.90
3 Star Hennessy Brand per bot. \$1.80
Rock-Rye, per quart.75

WINES.
Port, per bottle.35
Sherry, per bottle.40
Claret, per bottle.40
Puritan Belle, per bottle.50
Mumma Extra Dry, per pint.1.00
Cooks Imperial, per pint.85

WHISKIES IN THE WOOD.
\$4.00 Whisky, 8 yrs. old, per gal. \$3.50
\$3.00 Whisky, 4 yrs. old, per gal.2.50
\$4.00 Brandies, per gallon.3.50
\$3.00 Brandies, per gallon.2.50
Mail orders promptly shipped.

Geo. M. Diener

208 Market St. Maysville, Ky.

Dr. P. G. SMOOT

...General... Practitioner

Second Floor Masonic Temple, Third and Market Streets, Maysville, Ky.
Special Attention to Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat.
Residence, 214 E. Third St. Telephone Office 51, residence 1. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m. Sundays by appointment only.

JOHN W. PORTER

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

208 Second St. Maysville, Ky.

A competition for cheapness, and not excellence of workmanship, is the most frequent cause of the rapid decay and entire destruction of the teeth.

G. M. WILLIAMS

DENTIST.

First National Bank Building.

Phones 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

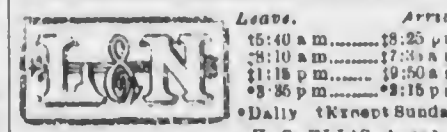
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SURGEON

Special Attention Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

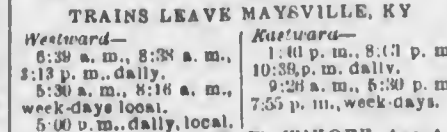
Suite 14

First National Bank Building.



Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

Schedule effective Nov. 30, 1915. Subject to change without notice.
Wayward.
Maysville.
8:30 a. m., 8:38 a. m., 10:30 a. m., daily.
8:30 a. m., 8:38 a. m., 10:30 a. m., week days.
5:00 p. m., daily, local.
5:00 p. m., daily, local.
W. WIKOFF Agent.



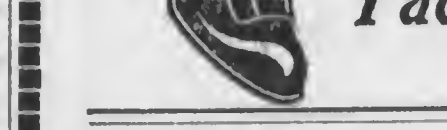
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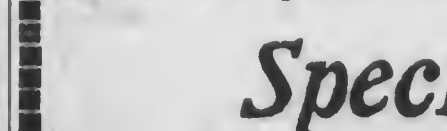
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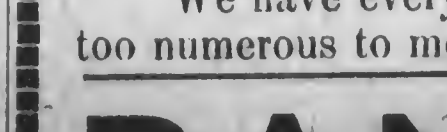
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Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

The New York Store Midsummer Cut Price

CLEARANCE SALE

Begins Saturday, June 27th

We bought a great lot of goods special for that sale and they will be sold for about 50 cents on the dollar.

Do not fail to attend.

SPECIAL!

15 pieces new Crepe, 25c goods, 15c per yard.

NEW YORK STORE S. STRAUSS, Proprietor

PHONE 571

CAMPERS!

This Is For You!!

Cots, Camp Chairs, Swings, Canvas Lounging Chairs, Hammock Swings and the Telescope Cot Bed that fills a long felt demand for a real comfortable bed that is portable.

McILVAIN, HUMPHREYS & KNOX,

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

Furniture Dealers.

207 Sulton Street. Phone 250. Maysville, Ky.

L. LANGEFELS

Modern Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating!

High quality of Gas Work a Specialty. Handled only the Best of material. Dealer in Brass Valves and



The most economical of all quick-leavening agents



Be Careful.

Not merely when you're wide awake, but when you're sound asleep. It's very much the safest thing to look before you leap!

If it wasn't for the weather lots of people would have no excuse for talking.

It is well to make a good start—and it is also well to remember that it is the finish that really counts.

With the exception of chocolate earwax there is nothing sweeter to a girl than love's young dream.

Public Sale

We will sell at Public Auction at 2 p. m., Saturday June 20th, the Suburban home of Mr. D. A. Emmett, located on the Mayville and Germantown turnpike just outside the city limits. This is a nice two story frame house of seven rooms with bath and water in the house, also small house on corner of lot that rents to good advantage, together with about two acres of land. There is a variety of fruit of all kinds on this place. A splendid place for chicken raising and truck gardening. Mr. Emmett has bought a farm and moved his family to it, and has decided to sell this very desirable home. With the extension of the street car line in the West End, and the many improvements that are going on in this section of our city, we think we can see a fine opportunity for an investment in this West End property. This home will be sold on easy terms which will be announced on day of sale. Here is your chance to buy a nice home at your own price.

Thos. L. Ewan & Co.
REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENTS,
MAYSVILLE, KY.

GEM TODAY!

PERFORMANCES START DAILY AT 1 P. M.

LET'S HOPE SO, MICKEY.
Don't Luke:
There's no racing around Chicago, It's down and out at New Orleans, And the talk of reviving Memphis Doesn't amount to a hill of beans. It is caused in Oklahoma, And old Mineral Springs had to close, But we'll always have the ponies Where the good old blue grass grows. —Michael Joseph Shannon.

EDWIN MATTHEWS DENTIST.

Suite 4, First National Bank Building, MAYSVILLE, KY.
Local and Long Office No. 666.
Residence Phone No. 197

ANNOUNCEMENTS.
FOR CONGRESS
We are authorized to announce Hon. W. J. Fields of Carter County as a candidate for election to Congress from the Ninth District, subject to the Democratic Primary to be held on August 1st, 1914. He most respectfully solicits your support.



WHEN TRAVELING

one often needs a refreshing 'nip' and you can't always get it good on the road. Take a bottle of our famous Rye Whisky with you and you will be well protected for the journey—whether it be by land or water. This is the finest Whisky ever distilled and is perfectly pure and wholesome, and is recommended by physicians to their patients.

O. H. P. Thomas & Co.,
120-122 Market Street,
MAYSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY.

Thomas F. Brannon, a Paris saloon keeper, was fined \$1,000 and sentenced to six months in jail for contempt of court.

MISCONSTRUED.

Customer (entering poultry shop)—I should like to see a nice fat goose. Small Boy—Yes, sir; mother will be down directly.—Ex.

FROM AN ARKANSAS PAPER

Zeke Barrow has accepted the appointment of revenue officer from this district. He will leave a wife and three children.

LUKE McLUKE ON THE FLAG.

It's your own proud day, Old Glory, and we tip our hats to you. You are famed in song and story for your brave Red, White and Blue. For your stripes we have a feeling that leads men to war and scars, and there's something that's appealing in your bonnie twinkling stars. You have led a score of causes and have never known the shame of defeat. The whole world passes at the mention of your name. You were right from the beginning. All your battles have been just. May you ever keep on winning, for your smile is Freedom's trust. So here's to you dear Old Glory, as you hold our strength and fears. Proudest flag of song or story, may you wave a million years!

EGGS BY PARCEL POST PAY

Investigation Reveals That Only Small Per Cent. are Broken—Will Be Boon for Small Dealer.

Washington.—That eggs can be marketed successfully by parcel post is the conclusion reached by the department of agriculture as the result of extended experiments. It was demonstrated that this method of shipment frequently obtained a better price for the producer and a fresher article for the consumer. It is stated further that the parcel post is of particular value to the man whose flock was too small or who lives too far from express service to permit him to ship his eggs in regular commercial cases.

In the course of the experiments which extended over a period of five months, the department shipped 9,466 lots by mail from various points under varying conditions and in different types of containers. Of these 327, or slightly less than 3.6 per cent., were broken, but only 209, or a little less than 3.6 per cent., were broken, but only 209, or a little less than 2.3 per cent., were absolutely wasted. The other though broken, could still be used. The percentage of breakage will be greatly reduced when postal employees become more accustomed to handling such fragile matter.

Three days' trip to Mammoth Cave for \$12.15. June 18. L. & N. 318

Covington entered the lists as a bidder for the site of the Federal armor plate plant planned by the Government. Paducah and Ashland are also active candidates.

STOCK AND FARM NOTES.

Stock cattle in Fleming County, have been higher this year than for years past. Good steer weanling calves have been selling as high as \$25 to \$30 and extra good yearlings above \$40.

Jerry Moore, the South Carolina boy corn grower, made 228.78 bushels in one acre, while the Alabama boy made 232.7 bushels on one acre. The former spent 42 cents per bushel in labor, etc., while the latter made his crop at a cost of 19.9 cents per bushel. An exchange attributes the result to the use of fertilizer largely. Tests made in corn growing sections the same year reached only to 70,000 and 13.6 bushels.

RUMORED THAT DEPOSITORS WILL GET DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR.

That the depositors of the defunct bank of George Alexander & Co., will receive dollar for dollar for the amount they had on deposit when the institution failed is the substance of rumor that is in circulation. This, however, cannot be verified, owing to the reticence of those involved, but it is said attorneys who are to represent the stockholders of the concern have advised them to be prepared to meet the demands of the depositors. This, it is said, they have agreed to do as soon as the affairs of the bank have been straightened out.

The obligations of the bank aside from the personal indebtedness of Alexander it is estimated will exceed \$130,000. The capital stock was \$40,000, which means that the stockholders will be compelled to produce the sum of about \$90,000 to meet the obligation.

NO CROSS STREETS IN POMEROY

Town Fifteen Miles Long Has One Brick Thoroughfare.

Pomeroy, the county seat of Meigs County, Ohio, with a population of about 4,500 and fifteen miles of brick streets, has the distinction of not having a cross street within its limits. The streets running from the river to the hill either butt into the hills in the rear of the town or lose themselves at the top of the river bank. There is not a single street crossing from one end of the town to the other. Away back in 1870 a famous circus clown said that the town was seven miles long as far back as you see. That has stuck to the town during all these years. It is practically the only one street of this size in the country.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pain in the kidneys or neuralgia, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home, as thousands will testify—no chance of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes the acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. SUMMERS, Box 8, South Bend, Ind.

The jury which tried the Missouri man who shot and killed his wife's "gentle friend," not only acquitted him, but also took occasion to compliment him highly. The emotion of the jury nearly always smears the vesol into which it runs.

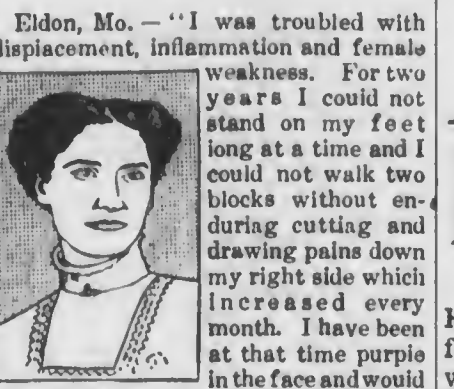
REASONABLE.

Serious—You will soon marry a man with loads of money, who will give you a princely allowance. Two dollars, please.

Customer—I'll pay you out of the allowance. Good-by.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

How Mrs. Hurley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Eldon, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female weakness. For two years I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without enduring cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every month. I have been at that time purple in the face and would walk the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without success, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacement, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Look at This Letter

M. C. RUSSELL CO., Mayville, Ky.
Ship me 10 bbls. JEFFERSON FLOUR at once. Am selling it to the best families in Bourbon county. Hurry shipment.
Signed J. W. MALLORY,
Paris, Ky.

Sometimes a girl does a young man a great favor by jilting him. Too many men honor women and neglect their wives. A genius imagines the world misunderstanding him, and he may be right. Spring lambs are now being slaughtered—on the stock exchange.

EUREKA

means we have found it. Just the thing that is necessary in the stove line. See our new kitchen COMBINATION COAL AND GAS RANGE—always ready, winter or summer, early or late. Made of cast iron—four holes for gas, four holes for coal. Use same oven, either coal or gas. Only one fine connection, occupying no more space than an ordinary range. No higher in price.

GEORGE H. TRAXEL, Corner Third and Limestone Streets.

An A. D. S. Preparation

for every ill. We guarantee satisfaction. Try

A. D. S. PEROXIDE CREAM.
JOHN C. PECOR, Druggist

Lovel's Specials!

STRAWBERRIES ARE NOW COMING. In a few days the HOMEGROWN varieties will be on the market. The prospects are for a bountiful supply. Later on RASPBERRIES and other fruits will be coming. During the season my house as Usual Will Be The Headquarters for all the various kinds. As I have my usual arrangements with the best growers in both TENNESSEE and the OHIO VALLEY I shall be in position to meet all the demands and furnish the best fruits grown, on same days as they are picked. WHOLESALE and RETAIL. So when you want the best come to me.

My stock of FANCY GROCERIES is at all times full and complete and prices lowest.

The biggest and best stock of Coffees, Teas and Sugar; also a full supply of country cured HAMS and BACON of the very best kind. Canned goods in immense quantities. In fact every article of the very best usually found in a FIRST CLASS GROCERY. I buy all my goods direct from first hands for SPOT CASH and have no fear of successful competition. I buy country cured Hams and Bacon and produce generally for which I pay cash or goods at SPOT CASH PRICES.

My usual invitation to country people when in our city to make my house headquarters still stands, and don't forget that I WHOLESALE as well as RETAIL.

R. B. LOVEL, THE LEADING GROCER, Wholesale and Retail. PHONE 8

MABEL TRUNNELLE AND RICHARD TUCKER IN
"HIS COMRADE'S WIFE"
One Reel Edison Feature.
Music By the Gem Trio Orchestra.

"HER FALSE FRIEND"
Special Two Reel Feature.
"AND HE CAME BACK"
Essanay Comedy.
SPECIAL FEATURE MONDAY.

Beechwood Tonight!

WASHINGTON THEATER.
TONIGHT
BEN WILSON AND GERTRUDE MCCOY IN
"THE MYSTERY OF THE SILVER SNARE"
The sixth story of the chronicles of "Cleck."—Edison.
"THE RENEGADES' VENGEANCE"
Selig Drama.
"BEATING THEIR BOARD BILL"
Biograph Comedy.
"SPEAK NO EVIL"
S. & A. Drama.
MATINEE TODAY.
ADMISSION 5c

Former United States Senator Frank Hisecock died suddenly in Syracuse, New York.

C. W. Burke, a detective in the Frank case, has been indicted for attempted subornation of perjury.

F. Augustus Heinze is dying, according to a statement made in court yesterday by his attorney, W. T. Jerome.

NO DICKERING

Secretary Bennett Declares No Deal on Senatorship Made or Offered.

Louisville.—The following statement was given out at the Republican headquarters:
"In regard to the published statement that the Republicans had agreed to withdraw their senatorial candidates, and a new candidate for the short term and allow the Progressives to have the long term nomination unopposed by the Republicans, no deal has been authorized to make such an agreement and there is nothing known at the State headquarters about such a proposition having been made.

"The members of the sub-committee appointed by the State Central Committee to confer with the Progressives states that they have neither made nor proposed such an agreement and know of no one else having done so. After careful inquiry, I have failed to find any Republicans who know anything about it.

"Mr. Ewing knows nothing of such a proposition and Mr. Bullitt and Governor Wilkinson are out of the State."

LUKE McLUKE SAYS

Some fellows imagine they are carrying the Burden of Great Responsibility when it is the weight of a swelled head that really makes them round shouldered.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to wear a red, white and blue cap and march in a torchlight parade?

A Chicago doctor says that eating raw onions will restore lost hair. If this is true I know a lot of fellows who will never be bald.

We are an awful bunch of liars. We beg a man's pardon when we don't give him a hang if we over get it.

They might also pass a law prohibiting men from wearing nightgowns, and compelling them to wear pajamas. This would prevent a lavish and useless exposure of hairy legs.

Everybody is so busy trying to get in on the ground floor that there is always room at the top.

You will often meet the kind of fellow who spends six dollars buying drinks so he can indignant about the Extravagance of the Government.

LIVE STOCK, CROPS, ETC.

Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., has sold from his Franklin County farm 102 head of fat cattle at 8 cents to Simon Weil, of Lexington. The sales amounted to \$10,929.60.

At Winchester, A. Howard Hampton sold about 400 lambs to General Black at about 6 1/2 to 7 cents. The first pick of July first at 7 cents and the rest later at 6 1/2 cents.

Reynolds Letton, of Bourbon, sold to J. K. Northcott, Cynthiana, two Short-horn bull calves, one yearling bull and yearling heifer for \$335.

C. K. G. Billings, owner of world's champion trotters, Uhlman and The Harvester, has presented Wilmering, one of the handsomest trotting stallions in the country, to the United States breeding bureau, for the improvement of the breed of calvary horses. Wilmering is now 8 years old, and made his race record four years ago at Dallas, Texas, a mile in 2:12 1/4. For beauty, size, style and blood lines, he has attracted wide attention and praise in European exhibitions.

An average of over \$2,000 was received for the seventeen head of horses Belmont Park the property of J. L. Hol. Belmont Park, the property of J. L. Hol.

Many a wife is a thing of beauty and jaw forever.

Heavy fogs for the past few days have caused an unusual number of accidents in English waters.

Richard Sylvester is to be re-elected president of the International Association of Police Chiefs.

SAFETY FIRST

Near Approach of July Fourth Brings To Mind the Value of a Safe Celebration.

The railroads have placed signs, "safety first," in conspicuous places and if some genius could write those words all over this nation between now and the Fourth of July it would indeed be a service. The frightful loss of life and limb caused by the celebration of the Fourth should be checked and it is time to soon to agitate a "safe and sane" Fourth.

Parents should instruct their children upon the dangers of powder and prohibit its use. "Johnnie's" fingers and "Mabel's" curls are more valuable than spluttering firecrackers. Let's make it "safety first" this year.

FINED IN 68 CASES

C. & O. Made To Whack Up By Fullerton For Failure to Signal at Crossings.

The Chesapeake and Ohio railway will have to dump \$1,000 into the village exchequer of Fullerton, Ky., because trainmen refuse to obey an ordinance which specifically says that all trains passing through Fullerton must sound the bell on their engines or blow whistles within 50 feet of the crossings.

Fullerton officials recently used 100 suits against the C. & O. for violations of this ordinance. The company was found guilty in the first 68 cases tried. Thursday Attorney Browning, of Mayville, called on Squire Braden, of Fullerton, and effected a settlement by agreeing to pay fines in the first 68 cases, if the remaining 32 were "blat away," and this was readily agreed to after Braden conferred with the village officials. The C. & O. was then fined \$480 and the costs in these cases swelled the sum to \$1,000, which was promptly paid.

MISS HELEN ADLER, Cello Soloist, of College of Music, accompanied by Prof. R. J. Bullett's Orchestra
OPEN AIR CONCERT 7:30 to 8:30.
Come Out and Enjoy the Fun.

"MABLE AT THE WHEEL"
A Roaring Comedy in Two Parts.
"HIS PUNISHMENT"
Drama
KOOL AND KOZY.

The Treasury Department has just returned \$3,000 in back taxes to Madison County on a claim that has been pending since 1868.

President Wilson signed the Cantrell Bill providing for the payment of over \$25,000 to Mrs. Dennis, of Owen County, for money due her late husband.

Heck Stackpole's life has been communique that he constrains the fact that he was grandfather at forty-four as a distinction.

Military Examiner—What must man be to be buried with military honors?
Recruit—Dead.—Harvard Pamphoon.

COLD DRINKS At Our Fountain

Limeade
Lemonade
Fruit Sundae
Peach Sundae
Egg Phosphate
Melba Sundae
Egg Lemonade
Nut Sundae

THE CHENOWETH DRUG CO., Incorporated.
Rexall Store
COR. SECOND AND SUTTON STREETS, MAYSVILLE, KY.



Don't take our word; ask the man who drives one. 1914 Models now on exhibit.

KIRK BROS., MAYSVILLE, KY.

The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON; COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a room house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young man who she had done her service in riding her of the man who thought she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and take her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to her. She forbids the girl over to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. He is in the company of the Wrاندalls and her father, who is a friend of his. He is an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist, he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty. She is very much. Much to his chagrin, Leslie is returned by Hetty. Booth and Hetty confess their love for each other, but the latter declares that she can never marry as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must be made to pay his brother's debt to the girl. Hetty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word. Sara insists Hetty to reveal that all this time she has believed that Challis Wrاندall is dead. Later she realizes that Hetty is innocent. Leslie again proposes to Hetty and is rejected. Hetty prepares to leave Sara, declaring that after what has happened she can remain no longer.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Leslie did not turn up at his father's place in the High street that night until Booth was safely out of the way. He spent a dismal evening at the boat club.

His father and mother were in the library when he came home at half-past ten. From a dark corner of the garden he had witnessed Booth's early departure. Vivian had gone down to be in the low-lying hedge with her visitor. She came in a moment after Leslie's entrance.

"Hello, Les," she said, bending an inquiring eye upon him. "Isn't this dry for you?"

Her brother was standing near the fireplace.

"There's a heavy dew falling, Ma," he said gruffly. "Shan't I touch match to the kipling?"

His mother came over to him quickly and laid her hand on his arm.

"Your coat is damp," she said anxiously. "Yes, light the fire."

"It's very warm in this room," said C. Wrاندall, looking up from his book. They were always doing something for Leslie's comfort.

No one seemed to notice him. Leslie knelt and struck a match.

"Well?" said Vivian.

"Well what?" he demanded without looking up.

His sister took a moment for thought. "Is Hetty coming to stay with us in a few days?"

He stood erect, first rubbing his eyes to dislodge the dust—then his lips.

"No, she isn't coming," he said. He saw a very long breath—the first in several hours—and then expelled it calmly. "She has refused to marry me."

Mr. Wrاندall turned a leaf in his book; it sounded like the crack of doom, so still had the room become.

Vivian had the forethought to push chair toward her mother. It was a not timely act on her part, for Mrs. Wrاندall sat down very abruptly and very limply.

"She—what?" gasped Leslie's mother.

"Turned me down—cold," said Leslie briefly.

Mr. Wrاندall laid his book on the table without thinking to put the book-

re-read four or five pages before discovering her error.

No one spoke for a matter of five minutes or more. Then Mrs. Wrاندall got up, went over to the library table and closed with a snap the bulky book with the limp leather cover, saying as she held it up to let him see that it was the privately printed history of the Murgatroyd family.

"It came by post this evening from London. She is merely a fourth cousin, my son."

He looked up with a gleam of interest in his eye.

CHAPTER XIV.

Crossing the Channel.

Booth, restless with a vague uneasiness that had come over him during the night, keeping him awake until nearly dawn, was hard put during the early hours of the forenoon to find occupation for his interest until a seasonable time arrived for appearing at Southlook. He was unable to account for this feeling of uncertainty and irritation.

At nine he set out to walk over to Southlook, realizing that he should have to spend an hour in profitless gossip with the lodge keeper before presenting himself at the villa, but somehow relishing the thought that even so he would be nearer to Hetty than if he remained in his own doorway.

Half-way there he was overtaken by Sara's big French machine returning from the village. The car came to a standstill as he stepped aside to let it pass, and Sara herself leaned over and cordially invited him to get in and ride home with her.

"What an early bird you are," he exclaimed as he took his seat beside her.

She was not in a mood for airy persiflage, as he soon discovered.

"Miss Castleton has gone up to town, Mr. Booth," she said rather lifelessly. "I have just taken her to the station. She caught the eight-thirty."

He was at once sollicitous. "No had news, I hope?" There was no thought in his mind that her absence was other than temporary.

"She is not coming back, Brandon."

She had not addressed him as Brandon before.

He stared. "You—you mean—" The words died on his lips.

"She is not coming back," she repeated.

An accusing gleam leaped into his eyes.

"What has happened, Mrs. Wrاندall?" he asked.

She was quick to perceive the change in his voice and manner.

"She prefers to live apart from me. That is all."

"When was this decision reached?"

"But yesterday. Soon after she came in from her walk with you."

"Do—do you mean to imply that she had anything to do with her leaving your home?" he demanded, with a flush on his cheek.

She met his look without flinching. "It was the beginning."

"You—you criticised her? You took her to task?"

"I notified her that she was to marry Leslie Wrاندall if she marries anyone at all," she said in a perfectly level tone.

"Good Lord, Mrs. Wrاندall!"

"But she is not going to marry Leslie."

"I know it—I knew it yesterday," he cried triumphantly. "She loves me, Sara. Didn't she say as much to you?"

"Yes, Brandon, she loves you. But she will not be your wife."

"What is all this mystery? Why can't you tell me my wife? What is there to prevent?"

She regarded him with dark, inscrutable eyes. Many seconds passed before she spoke.

"Would you want her for your wife if you knew she had belonged to another man?"

He turned very cold. The palms of his hands were wet, as with ice-water. Something dark seemed to flit before his eyes.

"I will not believe that of her," he said, shaking his head with an air of finality.

"That is not an answer to my question."

"Yes, I would still want her," he declared steadily.

"I merely meant to put you to the hardest test," she said, and there was relief in her voice. "She is a good girl, she is pure. I asked my question because until yesterday I had reason to doubt her."

"Good heavens, how could you doubt those honest, guileless eyes of—"

She shook her head sadly. "To answer you I would have to reveal the secret that makes it impossible for her to become your wife, and that I cannot, will not do."

"Is it fair to me?"

"Perhaps not, but it is fair to her, and that is why I must remain silent."

"Before God, I shall know the truth—from her, if not from you—and—"

"If you love her, if you will be kind to her, you will let her go her way in peace."

He was struck by the somewhat sinister earnestness of her words.

"Tell me where I may find her," he said, setting his jaw.

"It will not be difficult for you to find her," she said, frowning. "If you insist on pursuing her."

"You drive her away from your house, Sara Wrاندall, and yet you expect me to believe that your motives are friendly. Why should I accept your word as final?"

"I did not drive her away, nor did I ask her to stay."

He stared hard at her.

"Good Lord, what is the meaning of all this?" he cried in perplexity. "What am I to understand?"

The car had come to a stop under

the porte cochere. She laid her hand on his arm.

"If you will come in with me, Brandon, I will try to make things clear to you."

He left in half an hour, walking rapidly down the drive, his coat buttoned closely, although the morning was hot and breathless. He held in his hand a small scrap of paper on which was written: "If I loved you less, I would come to you now and lie to you. If you love me, Brandon, you will let me go my way. It is the only course. Sara is my friend, and she is yours. Be guided by her, and believe in my love for you, Hetty."

And now, as things go in fairy stories, we should prepare ourselves to see Hetty pass through a season of drudgery and hardship, with the ultimate quietness of joy as the reward for her trials and tribulations. Happily, this is not a fairy tale. There are some things more fantastic than fairy tales, if they are not spoiled in

the telling. Hetty did not go forth to encounter drudgery, disad and obloquy. By no manner of means! She went with a well-filled purse, a definite purpose ahead and a determined factor behind.

In a manner befitting her station as the intimate friend of Mrs. Challis Wrاندall, as the cousin of the Murgatroyds, as the daughter of Colonel Castleton of the Indian corps, as a person supposed to be possessed of independent means without, she went, with none to question, none to cavi.

Sara had insisted on this as much for her own sake as for Hetty's; she argued, and she had prevailed in the end. What would the world think, what would their acquaintances think, and above all what would the high and mighty Wrاندalls think if she went with meek and lowly mien?

Why should they make it possible for anyone to look askance?

And so it was that she departed in state, with a dozen trunks and boxes; an obsequiously attended seat in the parlor car was hers; a telegram in her bag assured her that rooms were being reserved for herself and maid at the Ritz-Carlton; alongside it rested a letter to Mr. Carroll, instructing him to provide her with sufficient funds to carry out the plan agreed upon; and in the seat behind sat the lady's maid who had served her for a twelvemonth and more.

The timely demise of the venerable Lord Murgatroyd afforded the most natural excuse for her trip to England. The old nobleman gave up the ghost, allowing for difference in time, at the very moment when Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall was undoing a certain package from London, which turned out to be a complete history of what his forbears had done in the way of propagation since the fourteenth century.

Hetty did not find it easy to accommodate her pride to the plan which was to give her a fresh and rather imposing start in the world. She was to have a full year in which to determine whether she should accept toil and poverty as her lot, or emulate the symbolic example of Dick, the canary bird. At the end of the year, unless she did as Dick had done, her source of supplies would be automatically cut off and she would be entirely dependent upon her own wits and resources. In the interim she was a probationary person of leisure. It had required hours of persuasion on the part of Sara Wrاندall to bring her into line with these arrangements.

"But I am able and willing to work for my living," had been Hetty's stubborn retort to all the arguments brought to bear upon her.

"Then let me put it in another light. It is vital to me, of course, that you should keep up the show of affluence for a while at least. I think I have made that clear to you. But here is another side to the matter; the question of recreation."

"Recreation?" cried Hetty sharply.

"Without your knowing it, I have virtually held you a prisoner all these months, condemned in my own judgment if not in the sight of the law. I have taken the law into my own hands. You were not convicted of murder in this unitarian court of mine, but of another sin. For fifteen months you have been living under the shadow of a crime you did not commit. I was reserving complete punishment for you in the shape of an ignominious marriage, which was to have served two bitter ends. Well, I had the truth from you. I believe you to be absolutely innocent of the charge I hold over you, for which I condemned you without a hearing. Then, why should I not employ my own means of making restitution?"

"You have condescended to believe in me. That is all I ask."

"True, that is all you ask. But is it altogether the fair way out of it?"

To illustrate: our criminal laws are less kind to the innocent than to the guilty. Our law courts find a man guilty and he is sent to prison. Later on, he is found to be innocent—absolutely innocent. What does the state do in the premises? It issues a formal pardon—a mockery, pure and simple—and the man is set free. It all comes to a curt, belated apology for an error on the part of justice. No substantial recompense is offered. He is merely pardoned for something he didn't do. The state, which has wronged him, condescends to pardon him! Think of it! It is the same as if a man knocked another down and then said, before he removed his foot from the victim's neck: 'I pardon you freely.' My father was opposed to the system we have—that all countries have—of pardoning men who have been unjustly condemned. The innocent victim is pardoned in the same manner as the guilty one who comes in for clemency. I accept my father's contention that an innocent man should not be ashamed and humiliated by a pardon. The court which tried him should reopen the case and honorably acquit him of the crime. Then the state should pay to this innocent man, dollar for dollar, all that he might have earned during the term of his imprisonment, with an additional amount for the suffering he has endured. Not long ago in an adjoining state a man, who had served seventeen years of a life sentence for murder, was found to be wholly innocent. What happened? A pardon was handed to him and he walked out of prison, broken in spirit, health and purse. His small fortune had been wiped out in the futile effort to prove his innocence. He gave up seventeen years of his life and then was pardoned for the sacrifice. He should have been paid for every day spent in prison. That was the very least they could have done."

"I see now what you mean," mused Hetty. "I have never thought of it in that way before."

"Well, it comes to this in our case, Hetty: I have tried you all over again in my own little court and I have acquitted you of the charge I had against you. I do not offer you a silly pardon. You must now choose your own way in this matter, to choose my own means of compensating you for—"

"You saved my life," protested Hetty, shaking her head obstinately.

"My dear, I appreciate the fact that you are English," said Sara, with a weary smile, "but won't you please see the point?"

Then Hetty smiled too, and the way was easier after that for Sara. She gained her quixotic point, and Hetty went away from Southlook feeling that no woman in all the world was so bewildering as Sara Wrاندall.

When she sailed for England, two days later, the newspapers announced that the beautiful and attractive Miss Castleton was returning to her native land on account of the death of Lord Murgatroyd, and would spend the year on the continent, where probably she would be joined later on by Mrs. Wrاندall, whose period of mourning and distress had been softened by the constant and loyal friendship of "this exquisite Englishwoman."

Four hundred miles out at sea she was overtaken by wireless messages from three persons.

Brandon Booth's message said: "I am sailing tomorrow on a faster ship than yours. You will find me waiting for you on the landing stage." Her heart gave a leap to dizzy heights, and she would, she could not crush it back to the depths in which it had dwelt for days.

The second bit of pale green paper contained a cry from a most unexpected source: "Cable your London address. S. refuses to give it to me. I think I understand the situation. We want to make amends for what you have had to put up with during the year. She has shown her true nature at last." It was signed "Leslie."

From Sara came these cryptic words: "For each year of famine there will come seven years of plenty."

All the way across the Atlantic she lived in a state of subdued excitement. Conflicting emotions absorbed her. Her hopes and her dreams were all of one complexion: rosy and warm and full of a joyousness that distressed her vastly when she recalled them to mind in the early morning hours. During the day she intermittently hoped and feared that he would be on the landing stage. In any event, she was bound to find unhappiness. If he were there her joy would be short-lived and blighting; if he were not there, her disappointment would be equally hard to bear.

He was there. She saw him from the deck of the tender as they edged up to the landing. His tall figure loomed in the front rank against the rail that held back the crowd; his sun-bronzed face wore a look of eager expectancy; from her obscured position in the shadow of the deck building, purposely chosen for reasons only too obvious, she could even detect the alert, swift-moving scrutiny that he fastened upon the crowd.

Later on, he stood looking down into her serious blue eyes; her hands were lying limp in his. His own eyes were dark with earnestness, with the restraint that had fastened itself upon him. Behind her stood the respectful but immeasurably awed maid, who could not, for the life of her, understand how a man could be on both sides of the Atlantic at one and the same time.

"Thank the Lord, Hetty, say I, for the five-day boats," he was saying.

"You should not have come, Brandon," she cried softly, and the look of misery in her eyes was tinged with a glow she could not suppress. "It only makes everything harder for me."

"Gh, I wish you had not come!"

"But isn't it wonderful?" he cried, "that I should be here and waiting for

you! It is almost incredible. And you were in the act of running away from me, too. Oh, I have that much of the tale from Sara, so don't look so hurt about it."

"I am so sorry you came," she repeated, her lip trembling.

Noting her emotion, he gave her hands a fierce, encouraging pressure and immediately released them.

"Come," he said gently; "I have booked for London. Everything is arranged. I shall see to your luggage. Let me put you in the carriage first."

As she sat in the railway carriage, waiting for him to return, she tried in a hundred ways to devise a means of escape, and yet she had never loved him so much as now. Her heart was sore, her desolation never so complete as now.

He came back at last and took his seat beside her in the compartment, fanning himself with his hat. The maid very discreetly stared out of the window at the hurrying throng of travelers on the platform.

"How I love you, Hetty—how I adore you!" Booth whispered passionately.

"Oh, Brandon!"

"And I don't mean to give you up," he added, his lean jaw setting hard.

"You must—oh, you must," she cried miserably. "I mean it, Brandon—"

"What are your plans?" asked he.

"Please don't ask me," she pleaded.

"You must give it up, Brandon. Let me go my own way."

"Not until I have the whole story from you. You see, I am not easily thwarted, once I set my heart on a thing. I gathered this much from Sara: the object is not insurmountable."

"She—said—that?"

"In effect, yes," he qualified.

"What did she tell you?" demanded Hetty, laying her hand on his arm.

"I will confess she didn't reveal the secret that you consider a barrier, but she went so far as to say that it was very dark and dreadful," he said lightly. They were speaking in very low tones. "When I planned her down to it, she added that it did not in any sense bear upon your honor. But there is time enough to talk about this later on. For the present let's not discuss the past. I know enough of your history from your own lips as well as what little I could get out of Sara, to feel sure that you are in a way, drifting. I intend to look after you, at least until you find yourself. Your sudden break with Sara has been explained to me. Leslie Wrاندall is at the back of it. Sara told me that she tried to force you to marry him. I think you did quite right in going away as you did, but, on the other hand, was it quite fair to me?"

"Yes, it was most fair," she said, compressing her lips.

He frowned.

"We can't possibly be of the same opinion," he said seriously.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew everything."

"How long do you intend to stay in London?"

"I don't know. When does this train arrive there?"

"At four o'clock, I think. Will you go to an hotel or to friends?" He put the question very delicately.

She smiled faintly. "You mean the Murgatroyds?"

"Your father is here, I am informed. And you must have other friends or relatives who—"

"I shall go to a small hotel I know near Trafalgar square," she interrupted quietly. "You must not come there to see me, Brandon."

"I shall expect you to dine with me at—any Prince's this evening," was his response to this.

She shook her head and then turned to look out of the window. He sat back in his seat and for many miles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAT AND RAT EQUAL PESTS

Former Especially Have Wrought Havoc Among the Smaller Native Animals of Australia.

In the Monte Bello islands domestic cats have most unfortunately been introduced, which do much damage amongst the wallabies, and have exterminated the bandicoot. The cats thrive exceedingly wherever they are introduced, growing to great size. They soon become wild and cunning, and breed fast. It may be safely said that these animals are doing more damage than anything else to the native fauna of the Australian region; indeed, the same remarks apply to the greater part of the world. Cats are carried almost universally on small trading ships, with the idea that they keep down rats. When they become too numerous or otherwise objectionable, they are simply marooned, or to kill a cat is considered among the sailors as most unlucky.

The black rat is another introduced species which does great harm. The animal is found universally over the Monte Bello group, even on the small trading islands, which are never visited, on which it occurs most abundantly. Its presence is attributed to a schooner which was wrecked some twelve years ago, for it is well known that this rat is a good swimmer. It is curious to find that this animal, which is now so rare in its native country, as to be looked upon as a great curiosity, should naturally be one of the first species to populate new lands where it is comparatively free from competition. Driven from all civilized countries by the brown rat, it has taken to the sea, being better

with deep perplexity in his eyes, studied her half-averted face. The old uneasiness returned. Was this obstacle, after all, so great that it could not be overcome?

They lunched together, but were singularly reserved all through the meal. A plan was glowing in her brain, a cruel but effective plan that made her despise herself and yet contained the only means of escape from an even more cruel situation.

He drove with her from the station to the small hotel off Trafalgar square. There were no rooms to be had. It was the week of Ascot and the city was still crowded with people who waited only the royal sign to break the fetters that bound them to London. Somewhat perturbed, she allowed him to escort her to several hotels of a like character. Failing in each case, she was in despair. At last she plucked up the courage to win to him, not without constraint and embarrassment.

"I think, Brandon, if you were to allow me to apply alone to one of these places I could get in without much trouble."

"Good Lord!" he gasped, going very red with dismay. "What a fool I—"

"I'll try the Savoy," she said quickly, and then laughed at him. His face was the picture of distress.

"I shall come for you tonight at eight," he said, stopping the taxi at once. "Goodbye till then."

He got out and gave directions to the chauffeur. Then he did a very strange thing. He halted another taxi and, climbing up, started off in the wake of the two women. From a point of vantage near the corridor leading to the "American bar," he saw Hetty sign her slips and move off toward the left. Whereupon, sealing that she was quite out of the way, he approached the manager's office and asked for accommodations.

"Nothing left, sir."

"Not a thing?"

"Everything has been taken for weeks, sir. I'm sorry."

"Sorry, too. I had hoped you might have something left for a friend who expects to stop here—a Miss Castleton."

"Miss Castleton has just applied. We could not give her anything."

"Eh?"

"Fortunately we could let her have rooms until eight this evening. We were more than pleased to offer them to her for a few hours, although they are reserved for parties coming down from Liverpool tonight."

Booth tried the Cecil and got a most undesirable room. Calling up the Savoy on the telephone, he got her room. The maid answered. She informed him that Miss Castleton had just that instant gone out and would not return before seven o'clock.

"I suppose she will not remove her trunks from the station until she finds a permanent place to lodge," he inquired. "Can I be of any service?"

"I think not, sir. She left no word, sir."

He hung up the receiver and straightway dashed over to the Savoy, hoping to catch her before she left the hotel. Just inside the door he came to an abrupt stop. She was at the news and ticket booth in the lobby, closely engaged in conversation with the clerk. Presently the latter took up the telephone, and after a brief conversation with some one at the other end, turned to Hetty and added his head. Whereupon she nodded her own adorable head and began the search for her purse. Booth edged around to an obscure spot and saw her pay for and receive something in return.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, amazed.

She passed near him, without seeing him, and went into the court. He watched her turn into the Strand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Long-Delayed Postcards.

During the removal of an enamel plate from a letter box outside the post office at Stanley Road, Teddington, England, three postcards dated October, 1891, were found wedged between the plate and the frame of the letter box.

The MAID of the FOREST

By RANDALL PARRISH
ILLUSTRATED BY D. J. LAVIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harnum, meets Simon Glitz, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harnum, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harnum's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auray, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harnum to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pet-te-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father, who she believes is among the Indians. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take refuge in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Rene D'Auray, who is a quarter-blood Indian who is being held by the Wyandots. She is being held by the Wyandots as a "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they meet before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pet-te-tah. She tells Hayward her father was killed from the French court and spent his life among the Indians as a missionary. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Glitz. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward. She is determined to see him. They find escape from the island out.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Brady flung forward his rifle, yet hesitated, fearing to fire. Whatever it might be—animal or man—the thing was coming directly toward us, swimming with long, trailing locks of wet hair dangling to the shoulders. It was a man beyond doubt, yet for the instant I could not determine whether red or white. As he stood there sunk to his armpits in water, he beheld us for the first time, and there burst from his lips a sudden, guttural exclamation of alarm. With the strange sound Schultz leaped forward, lumbering against me as he passed, and splashed his way out toward the fellow, uttering some exclamation in his native tongue. He reached him, the two voices greeting each other.

"Well!" exclaimed Brady in disgust. "If it ain't another Dutchman. Come in here, you!"

The two waded ashore onto the sand. Schultz's heavy hand grasping his companion's arm, and helping him along. I saw a face white and ghastly in the starlight, lean, smooth-shaven, looking emaciated against the long, dark hair, the eyes bright with fanaticism. He was a tall, spare man, shaking as he could hardly stand. The very sight of him aroused my sympathy.

"Don't be afraid," I said soothingly. "We're all white. How did you come here?"

His eyes looked at me as I spoke; then shifted to Schultz's face in silent questioning. The latter was breathing hard, but managed to explain.

"He's a Dutch preacher, yaw, minko Gott; yust over py miae own countries; he vos named Adrian Block."

"Did he swim all the way?" asked Brady grinning, but Schultz kept his eyes fastened on me, held by the one thought to which he sought to give utterance.

"He vos Moravian, mynheer; vos you call mis-sionary—so? He von month in dees country, an' know only to preach."

The girl leaning forward, interrupted with a whisper:

"I recognize the man, monsieur; he was the prisoner I told you of in the Indian camp—the Protestant."

"They let him only mit one guerd, an' after while, dot fellow he fall asleep. Den he got loose mid his bonds, an' creep down mit der shore of der lake where a boat vos. So he drift out on der water; but der boat leak, an' go down, leaving him mit notings. Dot vas it, mynheer. Dea he swim som' un pray moech, an' so com' here mit us, already."

"Where did the Indians go?"

"Up mit der lake shore—so like dis," waving his hand.

"All of them? The two white men also?"

Schultz repeated the question, and Block answered, never once removing his eyes from mademoiselle.

"No know not what became of der little man; he see him not for long while, but der big man he go mit der Injuns—yaw, he tells dem der way, an' talk all der time."

"We have got the situation clear enough," concluded Brady, coolly. "Whoever that red-coat is, he evidently knows the best way to this island, and the six we're in. So far as I can see there is nothing left us but to fight. We can't get away now; the boat is useless, and those Injuns have blocked the ford. That's exactly where they are now, watchin' fer us to attempt to cross. The only question is: Where can we hold out the longest? I'm fer goin' back to the house."

"And I also," I said, deciding instantly, and as quickly assuming command. "There is small chance of our holding out long against those fellows, but

we'll do the best we can. What about you, mademoiselle?"

"I go with you," she answered quietly.

"Against your own people?"

"Those are not my people! They are outlaws, ronegades, led by the murderer of my father."

"Then let us go back; every moment lost will count against us. Pick up the packs. Brady, you lead off; Schultz, take care of the preacher and keep his tongue still."

The house was exactly as we left it, a few red embers on the hearth alone shedding spectral light about the main room, as we groped our way forward. There were heavy wooden bars to fit across the door, and I secured these as soon as I deposited my pack on the floor.

"Mademoiselle," I said, staring still at the black walls in some perplexity. "You know this place better than any of us; surely it was not erected here in the wilderness without some provision for defense in case of attack. Are those walls solid?"

"No, monsieur; they were made light, so no gleam of light would ever show without, but there are gasperts here—see."

She slipped aside a small wooden shutter, revealing ingeniously between the logs, revealing an opening sufficient for a rifle barrel.

"There are four along this wall, and as many opposite. At the rear you must stand on the bench, so as to fire above the shed roof."

"Leave that preacher alone, and open them up, Schultz," I commanded sharply. "There is not light enough here now to show without. Now, Brady, see if there are any extra guns in the shack, or ammunition. Lay everything out here convenient."

"Good! Good! We'll give that to our Moravian friend; he may be opposed to war on principle, but, by all the gods! he'll fight now, if Schultz can pound the truth into him. What is that, mademoiselle? Powder and ball in the big chest; show Brady where it is. This isn't going to be such a one-sided affair after all. Five of us, counting Block, who may not know which end of the gun to point. I am going to scout outside and see when those fellows cross over."

Brady shaded his eyes to stare across at me through the gloom.

"You'd better let me go."

"No; I'll try it alone; get everything ready, and leave the bar down."

"You will be careful, monsieur?"

There was an unspoken note of anxiety in the voice that caused me to glance back at her quickly in surprise.

"Be assured of that, mademoiselle."

I returned. "I know the duty of an ally," and stepped without, closing the door behind me.

CHAPTER XI.

I Fight a Red-Coat.

Convinced that my coming had not been perceived, and that no Indian



His Lips Gave Vent to One Wild Cry.

scouts were watching the cabin, I pressed forward into the depths of the woods, obliged to proceed slowly because of the darkness. So cautious was I, lest some noise might betray my presence, that I was some moments in passing through the fringe of trees to where I could obtain view of the lake, and the dark line of shore opposite.

I had advanced for perhaps a hundred yards, passing beyond where we had attained land the evening before, when I suddenly came to a halt, sinking to my knees, and staring forward across a slight opening in the forest growth. At first I was not sure that what I saw was actually a man, but as the object moved toward me, all doubt vanished. He was not only a man, but a white man; at least he was not clothed as an Indian; and, as he stepped forth into the open, more clearly revealed for an instant, I could have sworn that he wore a uniform coat, with buttons that gleamed dully in the twilight. He looked a giant, a great, hulking outline, but stepped

satisfied with these writers, we now offer them II Chronicles, 20:7:

"Art thou not our God, who didst drive out the inhabitants of this land before thy people Israel, and gavest it to the seed of Abraham thy friend forever?"

Probably most of them will admit that the King James version of the Bible is written in fairly good English. The Brooklyn Eagle calls our construction "Damaged Goods in English."

It observes that the third person is closer to the pronoun and hence the far to

lightly enough, not the slightest sound betraying his cat-like movements as he came steadily onward, with head bent forward, his rifle advanced. I felt sure of his identity almost at once; surely he could be no other than the British agent, whom mademoiselle held guilty of her father's murder, the man who masqueraded under my own name. I felt my blood grow hot with anger. He would pass within a yard of me; he was alone, seeking his way, endeavoring to plan how he should lead his savages to an assault. If I could get him it would be half the battle.

I watched him closely, peering about the smooth bark of the tree, one foot advanced ready for a spring. Some instinct of wild life must have told him of my presence, for he stopped still, peering about suspiciously, his rifle flung forward. I dared not delay, yet swift as I was, his quick eye caught my movement. The gun butt swinging through the air met his rifle barrel, slid along the steel, and struck a glancing blow. He recoiled back, dazed, half stunned, dropping his own weapon, yet seizing the muzzle of mine to keep from falling. I endeavored to jerk it free, but he hung to it desperately. Scarce knowing how it was done, we were together, grappling each other, the disputed gun kicked aside under our feet.

He swore once, a mad English oath, but I choked it back, clutching his throat in iron grip, straining to force him to the fulcrum of my knee. Then he found grasp of my hair, hurling my head back until the agony compelled me to let go. I struck him square in the face, a blow that would have dropped an ordinary man, but he only snarled, and closed in, grappling my wrist with one hand, the other fumbling for a knife at his belt. By God's mercy I got it first; yet could not strike, for he had me foul, gripped to him as if held in a vise. I could feel the muscles of his chest, the straining sinews of his arms as they crushed me. I gave back, down, my limbs trembling beneath the force with which he flung the whole weight of his body against mine. I had met my match, and I knew it. Yet the knowledge gave me fresh strength, fiercer determination. The very complexion of defeat craved me, my brain held no thought save a mad impulse to conquer him, show him who was the better man!

I wrenched aside, breaking that stranglehold by sheer strength and wrestling skill. Again we grappled, face to face, our muscles straining as we sought advantage of hold. My hunting shirt gave, tearing apart like brown paper, giving me a scant second as his grasp slipped. It was enough, I had him locked at my hip; yet strain as I would his weight baffled every effort. Back and forth we struggled, crushing the bushes under foot, our breath coming in sobs, every muscle aching under the awful strain. Neither dared loosen a finger grip. Our eyes glared into each other with savage hate. How it would have ended God knows, had the fellow not slipped on the brush root, so that the added weight of my body flung him headlong. Even as he went over, bearing me along with him, his head crashing into the side of a tree as he fell, his lips gave vent to one wild cry. Then he lay still, motionless, a huge black shape outstretched on the ground in the ghastly light of dawn.

I got to my knees, scarcely realizing what had happened, peering down into the upturned face, one hand raised to strike if the man moved. There was not a motion. I bent lower—the eyes were closed, blood dripped from his hair. I turned the head, so as to better perceive the features—surely this was not the man for whom I had been mistaken! He was big enough, but marked by disfigurement, and wore a black moustache. As I live there was not a resemblance. Who was he then? I got to my feet and searched out my rifle in the tangled brush. Some noise reached me—the splash of water, the echo of a far-off voice. They were coming, the Indians; they had heard his last cry; they were already crossing the ford. I hesitated an instant, staring down at him, listening intently that I might be sure, then turned and ran swiftly toward the clearing. It was already gray dawn, and even in the dense woods I could see to avoid the trees. Behind me rang out a wild whoop of savagery; they had discovered the body! I glanced back across my shoulder, as I ran; burst forth into the clearing, and, reckless of all else, raced for the house. I fell once, my foot slipping on a hummock, but was up instantly, plunged at the door, and leaped within. Brady caught me, thrust the wooden bars down into their sockets, and half dragged me over to the bench.

"What is it?" are they coming?" he asked.

It was darker in there than outside, and I could barely perceive his face.

"Yes," I panted. "They are just behind me. I—I had to run for it. Get—get to the attains; I'll—I'll tell you later what happened out there."

He left me, and my eyes, accustomed to the gloom, began to discern objects in the room. I got to my feet, still breathing heavily from exhaustion, yet with brain active

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"I don't know," replied the other.

"It doesn't seem practical to ask all the law-abiding people to move and then give the gunmen arms and ammunition and let them fight it out."

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Brady was close beside me, kneeling on the floor, his eye at an opening between the logs.

"See anything?"

"There are figures moving at the edge of the wood," he answered, without glancing around, "but they don't come out so I can tell what they look like. The way your clothes are torn you must have had a fight."

"I did—with the big fellow in a red jacket. He's lying out there with a cracked skull. That is why those fellows don't know what to do—they're short a leader."

I got to my feet, and stared about, seeking mademoiselle. She was beyond the table, and our eyes met.

"You killed him, monsieur?"

"I do not know; I threw him, his head struck against a tree, and he lay still. I had to run; only he was not your man, mademoiselle; he looked no more like me than you do."

"You are sure?"

"Yes; I saw his face. It was lighter out there, and he lay flat on his back. He was big enough, if anything larger even than I am, and gave me a fight for it until his foot slipped. He had black hair and mustache, and his face was full of purple veins. He looked French to me."

"Yet were a red coat?"

"Aye! and swore in English, the one oath I heard. You know anyone like that?"

"There was a shot without, and the bug of a ball as it struck against the logs; then another, and Brady's voice came with strain:

"They're goin' to try it, an' the're sure some Injuns out ther; the wbol edge o' the woods is alive with 'em. Get ready now! This ain't goin' ter be no wlouch o' a fight."

I sprang across to the nearest opening, yet stopped to be sure of the arrangement within. The gray light stealing in through the small firing holes failed to give distinct view across the room.

"Where are you Schultz?"

"Here mit der front."

"Oh, all right; what has become of your friend?"

"He vos to leat; he do dot, but not fight. Maybe dot help some, don't it?" I saw the man then, his white face glowing dimly, and before him three rifles lying across the table.

"You found more guns?"

Brady glanced aside to answer.

"The girl did; she knew where they were—ah! now the rumpus has begun!"

Reports, blending almost into a volley, sounded without, the thud of lead striking the logs in dull echo. One stray ball found entrance, splintered an edge of the bench, and flattened out against the stone chimney. I dropped to one knee, my eyes at the opening.

"Wait a moment," I called to him, not venturing to glance about, but holding up one hand in warning. "It is a long shot yet, and we must make every one tell. Wait until the first fellow is half across; then pick your man. Who is at the loophole beyond us?"

"It is I, monsieur."

"You, mademoiselle! Hadn't you better let Schultz take that place?"

"An' why, monsieur?"—the soft voice coolly indignant. "Am I afraid? Am I unable to shoot? Why should I not stay?"

"Those are Indians," I began, "I thought—"

"Bah! My people! Those robbers and cowards. I told you there is no Wyandot among them. You will see, monsieur."

"All right then. I take that first one, and you pick the two to the left. Fire when I give the word. Schultz lay out one of those extra guns beside each of us. Ready now; the fellows who are not hit will jump and run for the woods as soon as we fire; give them a second shot before they can reach cover."

"Ready now!" I commanded sharply. "Let them have it—fire!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old Beliefs Last.

Few are the beliefs and still fewer the superstitions of today. We pretend to account for everything until we do not believe enough for the humanly so essential to moral discipline. The phantasmagoria has long been unfurnished of all its lagoonous garniture. That glowing day has set, leaving none of its ethereal hues in our old twilight. We have lost something for which we have no substitute

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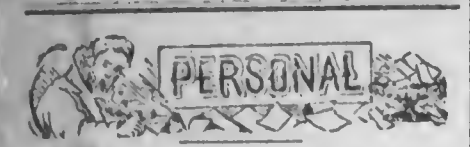
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The Genuine Palm Beach Suits and Trousers

made up in the best styles and perfect fitting, will laundry nicely and still retain their shape, and our price, and you will notice we are the first to publish prices in Maysville papers must be a reason.
\$6.50 and \$7.50.

Geo. H. Frank & Co.
Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.



PERSONAL

Mr. H. G. White of Sardis was a business visitor yesterday in this city.

Mr. W. W. Willocks, of Cincinnati, is spending a few days here with his mother.

United States District Attorney Thos. D. Slattery is in Louisville on legal business.

Mr. F. L. Sampson a prominent merchant of Dover was in this city yesterday on business.

Mrs. Lydia Mathers and son and daughter of Cincinnati are visiting Mrs. William Chard.

Mr. James Mathers and wife of Cincinnati are visiting their aunt, Mrs. William Chard.

Mr. R. S. Norris of Ripley, Ohio, was the city yesterday mingling business and pleasure.

Mr. Moyer Wheeler is visiting his mother, Mrs. A. W. Curry, in Maysville, Winchester, Ky.

Frank Ryder of East Second is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jas. Ryan at Springfield, Ohio.

Miss Jane Harting of Lexington is the guest of her son, Frank Harting, at his home on West Second street.

Gordon Smoot, son of Dr. and Mrs. G. Smoot, will give a dance party at the home of his parents in East Third street.

W. J. Shelton of Knoxville, was here yesterday and today most of the family of Mrs. J. P. of West Second street.

Miss Elizabeth Thomas of Chicago arrived Thursday night for a two weeks' visit with Policeman J. W. and family of Front street.

Mr. Dan H. Holton of Huntington, W. Va., representative of the Penn Mutual Insurance Company of that city, will motor through here today.

Mr. James H. Fielding, Rector of the church of the Nativity has returned from Canada and will be in charge of service at his church tomorrow.

Mr. A. P. Abbott of Marietta, Ga., for his home yesterday morning spending a few weeks here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Thompson of Third street.

Mr. T. Neal Hubbard returned from Lexington yesterday, where he was at the graduation exercises of the high school. Miss Annabelle Edgington among the graduates. Miss Hubbard is a sister of Mr. Hubbard.

Miss Joan Fitzgerald, the accomplished young singer, arrived here last night in Nazareth, Ky., where she has been attending the Nazareth Seminary to and the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, of East Second street.

Hunts offer special inducements to parasol buyers in a sample line of #4 Silk Sunshades for \$1.75. Also women's smart looking colored silkette \$1.25 parasols for 75c.

SOME IMPROVEMENTS BEING MADE BY THE CITY.

The city is now at work making several improvements that will be of a good deal of benefit. The big sewer in East Second street is a work that has needed doing for a long time, and not only the residents of that portion of the town, but citizens all over Maysville who have the city's health and interests at view are glad of it. The work on the sewer is now more than half way finished.

Another sewer on Fifth street, from its intersection at Bank street on out to the town limits, is being constructed. Also, concrete steps are being laid on Lower street, between Second and Third streets that will be a great convenience to the dwellers nearby. All of these improvements help and it is very evident that Maysville is taking on an air of gentility as time goes by.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Limestone Lodge Knights of Pythias Will Pay Loving Tribute to Memory of Their Departed Fraters On Sunday Afternoon June 21st at 3 O'Clock.

Limestone Lodge, K. of P. of Maysville are going to observe Memorial Day in honor of their deceased brothers on Sunday, June 21st at 3 p. m. All members of Limestone Lodge requested to be present at Castle Hall at 2:30 p. m.

The services will be held at the Maysville Cemetery at the Soldiers' Monument in accordance with ritual and an arranged program in which Miss Anna Bell Ward will render a solo, and addresses will be made by Hon. A. D. Cole and Rev. Lital, after which deceased brothers' graves will be decorated. All members of surrounding lodges and families of all K. of P.'s and the general public are invited.



Miss Aileen Curry entertained with a dance last night at the beautiful home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Curry in East Second street, in honor of her attractive guest, Miss Lorraine Wheeler, of Lexington. A salad course, luncheon was served. The music was rendered by a colored quartette. About twenty-five young people were present and enjoyed a most delightful time.

Mrs. J. Foster Barbours, assisted by the Misses Barbours, entertained most delightfully yesterday morning, honoring Miss Guggin of Austin, Texas, the charming "honoree" of many pleasant gatherings.

One of the privileges of the morning was the artistic rendition of several musical numbers by Miss Florence, just home from the Cincinnati Conservatory. The out of town guests were Miss Guggin and Mrs. Guggin of Austin, Texas, and Miss Alter of Cincinnati. Some twenty guests in all enjoyed the hospitality so graciously extended.

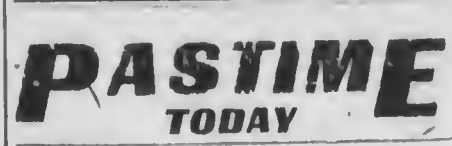
Little Miss Martha Roden gave a birthday party last night from 7 to 10 o'clock at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Roden in West Third street, on the occasion of her sixth birthday. There were over thirty of her young friends present. Games were indulged in and after dark fireworks were set off. The prizes given were won by the following: First boy's prize, Albert Knox; first girl's prize, Margaret Lynch; girl's consolation prize, Frank Larkins; boy's consolation prize, Fredrick Hunsicker. Delicious refreshments consisting of brick ice cream and many kinds of cake were served. Each guest took home an orange, a banana and a box of candy. The house was extensively decorated and the event was one of the most delightful and elaborate of the year.

The girl graduate—the June bride—the summer girl—will be proud of their daintiness as expressed in a photographic portrait made by us.

Expert posing and lighting enable us, to produce portraits of merit—pictures that please. Make an appointment today.

Brose

The Photographer in Your Town.



THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

The Coolest Place in Town.

HEAR THE WARD KIDS IN THOSE CATCHY SONGS

"IN THE SHADOWS OF THE MOSQUE"
A Two Reel Drama of the Desert.

"WHEN UNIVERSAL IKE SAT"
Comedy.

A BIG REEL IN ALL

5c—ADMISSION—10c.

CHURCH NOTES.

Washington Presbyterian Church.
Regular services Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. Everybody is cordially invited. Come!

Second M. E. Church South.
Preaching at 10:45 by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Simpson. Sunday School at 9:30. James Dawson, Supt. Epworth League at 6:15. J. W. SIMPSON, Pastor.

St. Patrick Church.
The summer schedule of services at St. Patrick Church is as follows:
First Mass—8 a. m.
Sunday School immediately follows this service.
Second Mass—9 a. m.
Vespers, followed by benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament—3 p. m.

First Presbyterian Church.
Preaching at 10:45 a. m. by pastor. Union meeting at 7:30 p. m. Sermon by Rev. M. S. Clark. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m. All made welcome.
J. BARBOUR, Pastor.

First M. E. Church South.
Preaching by the pastor at 10:45 a. m. Union Services at the First Presbyterian Church at 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to all, especially strangers in the city.
M. S. CLARK, Pastor.

Forest Avenue M. E. Church.
Regular services; preaching by pastor A. F. Felts at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday School at 9:30. George Harding, Supt. Our Sunday School has been a top-notch—let us keep it there. The contest is over and hot weather is here but let us re-double our efforts to keep every department of the church up to its standard.

Central Presbyterian Church.
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. J. B. Wood, Supt.
Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Union services at night at the First Presbyterian Church.
Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.
R. L. BENN, Pastor.

Third Street M. E. Church.
Services tomorrow as follows:
Preaching by the pastor at 10:45 a. m. No services at night, the congregation joining in the union service at the First Presbyterian Church.
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Children's Day practice at 2 p. m. Children's Day June 28th.
Epworth League devotional service at 6:45 p. m. The "Blues" of the recent contest will entertain the "Reds" on next Wednesday evening. A cordial invitation to everybody to attend all meetings.
J. M. LITERAL, Pastor.

First Baptist Church.
"The Man Who Died On Third" will be the subject of Rev. Wilkoyte's evening sermon. All base ball players and lovers are especially invited to attend. Seven thirty is the hour. "Unusual Rainbows" is the morning subject. Special music at both services.
Superintendent Greenlee is anxious for a large attendance at the Sunday School hour, and he urges that all who can should memorize the lesson text, for he promises a real surprise to all who attend and especially to those who know the lesson text. Come and see!
Mr. Mark Allen will have charge of the B. Y. P. U. from 6:45 to 7:30 p. m. "Barabara, the Consoler" is the topic. You are welcome to all of these services.
H. B. WILKOTTE, Pastor.

Bothel Baptist Church.
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. The pastor assisted by Rev. G. M. Moore of Lexington will preach.
The church has undergone some considerable repairs and a splendid program with good music has been arranged for the re-opening exercises.
Preaching in the morning by the pastor at 11:30 a. m. Afternoon at 3 p. m., and night at 8 p. m. by Rev. Moore. Night subject, "Told Up His Hands."
All are welcome.
R. JACKSON, Pastor.

Bible School at 9:15. James T. Kaekley in charge of school. Prof. A. O. Bowden teaching. Bro. Stahl's class of men which we trust will be a large one, as Mr. Bowden is a fine teacher. Mrs. Stahl's primary department will be in full charge of Mrs. John Panslor, her assistant, with Miss Helen Young, Mrs. Anna Ball, Mrs. A. O. Bowden, Miss Maria Boughton, Miss Edith Easton and Miss Anna Frank teaching. The Junior department as well as the adult, will have good teachers for every class. Music in charge of Miss Lula Baugh.

Communion service, followed by preaching at 10:30 by Dr. Graut K. Lewis, a big man with a big subject. Come to Bible School and Church.

Bring some one with you, smile and be glad, make the world happy while you live. Be a blessing.

Pastor Stahl Sends Program for Christian Church Services Tomorrow.
I have arranged for a good substitute for my class and so hope to learn of a good attendance. Flemingsburg would like to get the advantage of us now, but the men of the class must not let them. I am expecting to be in a school Sunday, with about five thousand present. This will be at Canton, Ohio.

Rev. Grant K. Lewis of Cincinnati, who fills the pulpit in the Christian Church on Sunday, will have a message which I hope all the members will hear. I want to add a word to help the Sunday observance movement which the closing of the meat market on that day has started. The one thing I noticed when I came to Maysville was that Maysville was not like other places. It had been in the matter of keeping the stores—groceries, meat markets, clothing stores, etc., closed on Sunday. These places, such as Muncie, Ind., and others find it just as convenient to the trade and as profitable to the merchants to keep closed all day on Sunday. Every man wants one day in seven as his own and he should have it. It does not necessarily follow that he has to or that he wants to go to church but he should be free as he desires on this, the legal and scriptural day of rest. As citizens, we should not demand that these merchants or clerks keep at their places of business to accommodate us. I therefore suggest that we all aid these men by making it easy for them to close on Sunday.
A. F. STAHL, Pastor.
Youngstown, O., June 18, 1914.

Commissioner I. N. Foster is on a business trip to Chicago.

ARRESTED ON SEDUCTION CHARGE.
Thomas Cord, colored, of near Maysville, was arrested this morning and lodged in the county jail here on a charge of seducing a colored girl named Peters of the same community. A warrant for Cord has been out several days and he was landed this morning by Sheriff John Clark.

HOUSTON HALL WON GOLD MEDAL.
Mr. Houston Hall won the high average first prize, a handsome gold medal, given at the gun shoot at Lexington Thursday by the Interstate Association. His score was 181 out of 200. Mr. Hall now has a string of medals and cups about "steep feet long." He sure is some shot.

ATTY. A. D. COLE ANNOUNCES FOR CONGRESS.
Frankfort, Ky., June 19.—Allen D. Cole, Progressive, of Maysville, filed his petition as candidate for Congress in the Ninth district.

Mr. Cole, when seen last night by a Ledger reporter, expressed his surprise and said it was news to him, although he admitted that he had agreed to make the race. He said the Progressives would likely have candidates in every Congressional district in Kentucky.

WEATHER REPORT
FAIR AND COOLER TODAY; SUNDAY FAIR AND WARMER.
Gauge 5.1 and falling. This is the lowest stage reached this season.

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HOUSTON HALL WON GOLD MEDAL.
Mr. Houston Hall won the high average first prize, a handsome gold medal, given at the gun shoot at Lexington Thursday by the Interstate Association. His score was 181 out of 200. Mr. Hall now has a string of medals and cups about "steep feet long." He sure is some shot.

ATTY. A. D. COLE ANNOUNCES FOR CONGRESS.
Frankfort, Ky., June 19.—Allen D. Cole, Progressive, of Maysville, filed his petition as candidate for Congress in the Ninth district.

Mr. Cole, when seen last night by a Ledger reporter, expressed his surprise and said it was news to him, although he admitted that he had agreed to make the race. He said the Progressives would likely have candidates in every Congressional district in Kentucky.

WEATHER REPORT
FAIR AND COOLER TODAY; SUNDAY FAIR AND WARMER.
Gauge 5.1 and falling. This is the lowest stage reached this season.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound in your ears, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; since the cause of deafness is Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FIFTH WARD HEADS AMATEUR LEAGUE.

The City Amateur League which plays in the mornings of every Tuesday and Friday played their second games yesterday morning. The Third and Fourth Wards crossed bats in Hunters Bottoms with the result that the Third Ward won in a slugfest by the score of 13 to 11. The Fifth Ward beat the Second Ward at the Ball Park by the score of 10 to 8, thus putting itself in the lead by a record of two games won and none lost.

Batteries were as follows:
Third Ward—Donovan and Lytle and Parker.
Fourth Ward—McGone and McNamara and Mitchell.
Fifth Ward—Davis and Hampton and Kennon.
Second Ward—Rice and Robb.

STANDING OF CITY AMATEUR LEAGUE.

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Fifth Ward	2	0	1000
Third Ward	1	1	500
Fourth Ward	1	1	500
Second Ward	0	2	000

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Special

Gold Botted Ham.
Minced Cooked Ham.
Underwood Deviled Ham.
Baked Beans and Tomato Sauce.
Olive Salad.
Onion Salad.
Bottled Crab Meat.
Tuna Fish.

J. C. CABLISH & BRO.
Quality Grocers.

Phone 230.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

WANTED.

WANTED AGENTS—COLORED MAN OR WOMAN representative wanted in each locality. Part or full time. \$50 to \$500 a month. Every customer secured gives you a steady monthly income. Only one appointment in each locality; hurry and be the first to apply. Write Box 30. —409, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—MALE HELP—Hustling man or woman representative wanted in each locality. Part or full time. \$50 to \$500 a month. Every customer secured gives you a steady monthly income. Only one appointment in each locality; hurry and be the first to apply. Write Box 116—293, Covington, Ky.

AGENTS—Hustling man under 50 each locality. Introduce our Memberships. \$50 to \$500 monthly. The L-L-U 2052, Covington, Ky.

AGENTS—Colored agent wanted. Benefit Order. \$100 to \$500 monthly to hustler. Write quick. Address Box 76-409, Cincinnati, O.

AGENT WANTED—Good position in Maysville for married man between the age of 25 and 45. Salary and commission. Apply Box 394. 19-31

WANTED BOARDERS—For the hot summer months on the Ball farm, 4 1/2 miles south of Maysville. Write or phone Mrs. W. S. Antell, R. F. D. No. 3. 11-121

FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—An extra good work horse. Ohio River Lumber Co.

FOR SALE—Fine upright piano, Martin make, cheap for cash. Call or phone. G. E. Means, 1022 Forest avenue. 15-61

FOR SALE—Horse, cart and harness. Horse five years old. Apply to Gilbert Tolle, 927 Forest Ave. 34-61

FOR RENT
FOR RENT—A cottage, on Houston avenue, or good to suit. Possession at once. Call on or phone James S. Dawson, Houston avenue. 15-61

FOR RENT—Nice furnished rooms with bath. Apply at 214 Limestone street. Mrs. W. L. Carter. 5-11

FOR RENT—Flat of 4 rooms, newly papered and painted, gas and bath. Apply at 36 W. Front street. m221mo

POULTRY.
PIGEONS pay dollars who chickens pay cents; small capital needed; small space required; always panned up; ready markets; send for May is sue of our Journal; fully explained there; price ten cents. Reliable Squash Journal, Versailles, Mo. ju3-m

LOST.
LOST—Brown bulldog Norfolk coat between Germantown and Maysville. Finder return to this office and receive reward.

Saturday at Hoeflich's

SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KINDS AT CUT PRICES.
FOUR SPECIALS FOR TODAY ONLY.

10 Cents Buys—
Choice of a lot of summer wash goods worth up to 19 cents—just what you need to enjoy the warm weather.

25 Cents Buys—
Choice of fifty pieces of the widest, handsomest ribbons in town—worth up to 39 cents a yard.

39 Cents Buys—
Plouncings of unusual beauty and style, mull and voile, worth up to 75c.

\$1.98 Buys—
An embroidered dress pattern, always sold at \$5.00 a pattern. Only six of them.

BEST LINE OF HOSIERY IN THIS PART OF KENTUCKY.

Saturday night sales—6 to 9—
5 cents buys summer vests.

Wire Your House Now

You read yesterday's paper and know that if you ever intend to wire that house of yours now is the time.

With that 18 months installment plan at your disposal you will not miss the money. It only lasts 60 days and you must not delay. Procrastination is the thief of time.

Remember, you can use a fan or an iron on the same lamp socket.

Hot in a Minute

Attach the plug, turn the switch and, by the time you are ready for the iron, the iron is ready for the work, when you use a

G-E Electric Flatiron

Let us show you how you can do your whole week's ironing without discomfort, trouble, or loss of time, and at a total cost of a few cents. You really cannot afford to be without this wonderful hot weather help.

Maysville Gas Co.

3% INTEREST

By starting a savings account with this Trust Company with ONE DOLLAR and depositing one dollar each week, the following table shows you what you will have to your credit at the end of each year, including our payment of 3% compound interest.

1st	52.77	11th	675.35
2nd	105.99	12th	748.46
3rd	162.86	13th	829.79
4th	220.38	14th	913.33
5th	279.70	15th	991.27
6th	340.80	16th	1073.61
7th	403.87	17th	1161.44
8th	468.78	18th	1255.81
9th	535.62	19th	1357.83
10th	604.48	20th	1468.65

UNION TRUST & SAVINGS CO.,
MAYSVILLE, KY.

We Will Help You Solve the Problem of How to KEEP COOL!

Come in and let us fit you up in one of our Hart Schaffner & Marx Palm Beach Suits. The greatest tropical stuff yet. And while here look at our line of Straw Hats, Shoes, Underwear and Shirts. They are great. If you have any doubt come in and let our merchandise convince you

J. WESLEY LEE,
THE GOOD CLOTHES MAN, Second and Market Streets.

If your pocket-book could talk it would recommend the Ford. The man who practices economy and wants utility invests his dollars in the Universal car. He knows it serves his every purpose best and at lowest cost. And don't forget Ford service and guarantee.

\$500 for the run about car; \$750 for the touring car; \$1,000 for the sedan. Get catalog and particulars from Central Ford Co., 112-114-116 Market street, Maysville, Ky.